

# The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA  
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. IV

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1919

No. 8



THE DIFFERENCE A CAP DOES MAKE!

Drawn by Raymond Perry



— READ —  
**THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN**

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# The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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1st Lt. H. W. Kinderman, M.C., U.S.A.

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B

Vol. IV

Saturday, September 6, 1919

No. 7

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice, Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seventeen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

Recreation and the proper employment of the leisure hours is just as essential to success as application during working hours. The large majority of people are of the impression that when they have struggled through the hours they are "assigned to duty" that it really makes very little difference how the remaining hours are spent. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The interest you will be able to take in your work, the pleasure you may get out of it depends largely upon the way your leisure hours are spent. The man in perfect physical health, who spends his hours off duty in a whole-hearted enjoyment of such recreation as is offered him is seldom found nursing a grouch.

Although a number of us have in a sense missed out on the "healthy out-door life of the American Army" by being assigned to duty in the medical corps, the man who does not return to civil life with a strong healthy physique is not taking advantage of the opportunities offered him. Why not get out and play a few games of baseball, volleyball, any out-door sport in fact, these long evenings, so that when you return to civil life you will be able to take a new grip on the rungs of the ladder of life.

Collier's Weekly says: "The world never saw so many returned soldiers who have no use for glory and reminiscences, preferring to talk about what they are going to do next, or, preferably, doing it."

Strange—but true.

The problem of making a living is what interests these men.

They cannot understand why on earth the government should be wasting its time trying to do the impossible in Russia and Mexico—why it should be concerning itself with military training and day-light saving—while nothing at all is done to curb profiteering and bring the necessities of life within reach of all.

It's up to the government to get down to business.

It will have all it can do—and more—to find a way out of this present chaotic condition.

Unlike other countries, America hasn't done a single thing to ease and make bearable the life of the working class.

Foolishly, our government thought this would take care of itself.

Now we are beginning to reap the harvest.

We dislike to think that there are any men on this post who are fond of flies but we have almost decided that there are some who are. Why else should we find our carefully screened wards with the doors wide open in spite of every effort on the part of the nurses and ward surgeons to keep them closed.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says that the fly is as disgraceful as a bedbug and we are not keen to share our chow with this pest, the personal habits of which, make the pig appear in contrast a veritable Beau Brummel. We should certainly blush to print in this paper some of the personal habits of this insect yet there are people who let it run over their food without the least concern as to the grave dangers they are putting before themselves.

We realize that no one person on the post can do very much to rid the place of these disgusting insects, but if every one would do something it would surely lessen the number. You men who have been in the large training camps know how great the precautions are to protect food and garbage from flies in order to lessen the dangers of infection. In a hospital then, the precautions should be even greater than in the camp for here we are looking after sick men whose power to resist disease is lessened by their physical condition.

It is a strange thing that a man who will cheerfully risk his life in battle for a comrade will not take the small trouble to cover a garbage can or close an open screen door, when by that act he will help to protect the health of a ward full of sick men.

Let's be more careful and above all SWAT THE FLY.



For many long weeks a set of Allied flags have decorated the top of the Victory Arch on Patton Avenue. But, oh, what a pitiful spectacle! They have hung there night and day, in good weather and bad, until they have become so coated with dust and dirt of the storm-swept street that one would hardly recognize them as flags.

The guardians of the arch might well spare a little time and give the flags the care they deserve.







### SERIES TIED

After beating Asheville in the morning game on Labor Day by a score of 5 to 3, our boys met defeat in the afternoon struggle at Oates Park in what was the most thrilling ball game ever witnessed at this Park.

The present series is now at a tie, each team having won two games; the date for the deciding clash has not been announced as yet; all fans clamoring for the odd game to be played Sunday afternoon.

Penland, who toed the mound for Asheville in the "eye opener" proved soft picking for the Oteen sluggers, and was relieved by Bryson in the seventh inning after five runs had been scored on him. Joe Antley pitched a heady game for the medics, and had the Asheville batsmen well in tow at all times.

Score by innings	R.	H.	E.
Asheville .....	100	002	000—3 8 3
Oteen .....	200	102	00x—5 11 1

In the afternoon session the largest crowd that ever witnessed an amateur ball game in Asheville turned out at Oates Park. The grand stand was loaded and overflowing, the bleachers packed and a stream of people lined the right field foul line, while many sat in their autos on the left field line. It was a great crowd that saw a great and exciting ball game.

Weaver started the game for Oteen, Asheville hitters got to him for 7 hits and four runs; Henry took up the pitching burden in the seventh. Nemo Coleman pitching for Asheville had our boys popping up until they got to him in the 7th and 8th innings for five hits which, coupled with errors by Landreth and Allison, scored four runs, tying the score. Here Bryson replaced Coleman. The score went along at a 4 to 4 tie till Asheville's half of the tenth—here Asheville pulled a hair-raising finish. Allison opened by fanning and Landreth flied out to center. Pope slammed a single to center, Bruce drove a single between short

and third that hit Simmons on the shin in left field and rolled to the fence. Before he could recover the ball Pope had raced across the plate with the winning run and the series between the teams again tied up.

Crimm, Simmons and Hayes got the bulk of Oteen's hits, they getting two each. Delaney and Antley secured one each accounting for the eight they totaled. Five of their hits were secured in the eighth, ninth and tenth innings, when they became threatening.

Two fast double plays were executed by Indorf, Delaney to Antley combination. And they came at times when Asheville was threatening. There were no outstanding fielding plays on either side of note. And both sides might have gotten away with clean slates as far as the error column is concerned but for the collapse of Asheville's defense in the eighth. Up to that time both teams were on their toes playing airtight ball. But all at once Landreth blew up and then Roberts dropped a throw to the plate by Pope that let in a run.

The score by innings:	R.	H.	E.
Oteen .....	000	000	022 0—4 8 0
Asheville .....	002	020	000 1—5 11 7

Batteries: Weaver, Henry and Crimm. Coleman, Bryson and Roberts.



Owing to the late return of the men from the ball game the Athletic events which were scheduled to take place last Monday evening were postponed; the date for this carnival will soon be announced by the Red Cross who have offered handsome prizes for winners of the Greasy Pig, Obstacle, Wheelbarrow and other races.

### MY MAN

My man,  
Joe Antley  
Came back  
Strong  
In the opener  
Labor Day.  
Off to a good start  
Won in a walk  
At 5 to 3.  
Bryson and Penland  
Fighting for second,  
Paddy Donovan in last.  
Hot Dog!  
Let's go!  
That's a start  
They'll never  
Stop My Man  
Now.  
He'll be there  
At the next start  
As steady as  
The Rock of Gibraltar  
Or the Rain of last June.

—Home Plate.

### REVERSALS MET WITH


In a freak and most uninteresting game part of our ball team met defeat at the hands of the light Canton team Wednesday afternoon. Antley, Indorf and Hayes the mainstay of our infield were given a much needed rest and the subs in their places showed that as ball players they can play a slashing game of Rummy. Coach Alexander elected himself to fill Indorf's boots around short and of the six chances he received in the opening frame he managed to make six errors; of course this is not so bad for a man in his forties. Those six bobbles meant a difference of thirty bones to the writer, more or less. Anyhow we all lost 10 to 9.

### ALAS!


Two l overs sat upon a bench,  
The one a soldier from the trench,  
"Whose lil' cootie are you, dear?"  
That's why the romance ended here.

—Tenshun 21.





# CAPS & CAPE



*Deo et Humanitate*

## NURSES CAN DRESS UP NOW WITH SILK TIES, PINS 'N EVERYTHING

Changes in the uniform of the Army Nurse Corps are announced in War Department Regulations. With the white or navy blue outdoor uniform waist there will be worn a plain black silk tie, tied in four-in-hand style and a plain gold or gilt bar pin to hold the points of the collar in position.

❖ ❖

### OH, P—SHAW!

Our dashing Lieutenant named Shaw  
Says the best of all pictures by *Farr*,  
Is shown at the Red Cross  
With Maloney for boss,  
If they'd just let one sleep, where they are  
by Gar!

❖ ❖

We all know that Pearl G. is good looking, so when Esmeralda Inn, North Carolina took her by the heel and threw her down the front steps and put her elbow out of commission we are positive it was jealousy that caused the rash deed.

❖ ❖

One by one the toddlers from the Nursery try their wings. This week Becket, Sharp and Hawley leave, and Mac and Rooke are on night duty. Verily, our guard will have dull nights this month.

❖ ❖

Miss Palmer is one of the A. N. C. heroines. She tried to stop an auto accident with her chest and now she says it is sore. Better luck next time Marie. You should get behind your Steele protector.

❖ ❖

Notice to Lieuts. and others:

If you want to spoon, don't turn out the lights on the Red Cross porch. It is not successful. The mess hall has a spoon by every plate.

## RED CROSS LECTURES

Owing to the notice not being posted in time the address given by Capt. Malone at the Red Cross on Tuesday night was not very well attended. Those who were present assured us that it was the finest and most scholarly discourse that has ever been delivered at this post.

We want Capt. Malone to know that if he ever can be induced to favor us again he will speak to a crowded house.

—A. M., A. R. C.

❖ ❖

## MARION ON THE HOLIDAY

Dear Marion:

Well, Labor Day has come and gone. I started the day right by not going to breakfast and not getting any dinner. You see it was like this. You know it is hard to get the Nursery quieted down before midnight and, when you are thinking about your Uncle losing his money in a poker game 'n everything—well, you know how it is—you don't sleep more than three hours all night.

And we had a baseball game with Asheville in the morning. I sat on the field from 10:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. Sat, when I wasn't jumping up and down, for you see we won the game. And that's how I didn't get any dinner.

Still, something ought to be done. They post notices telling us to turn out and support the home team and then, when we do and the game is not over at the regular mess hour, our mess Serg. shuts the door on our noses as a reward for our loyalty. Moral: Hereafter take a lunch with your loyalty.

After dinner (?) there was another game. I don't see why they played ten inning, for we were tied in the ninth and Hashville scored one more in the tenth.

Our mess hall was closed for supper. Everybody went to the Red Cross grove to eat. Some of us get lots of eats, some get

just some. Some ate on their wards and some at the Slow and Uncertain House, or the Quick and Dirty, or the Greasy Spoon, or the other joint. So you see it wasn't so bad after all, for we all get fed.

At night there was a Chinese Dance in the big Red Cross for the Detachment men, and I think a couple of them had too much "sacca" or whatever the Chinese is for spirit lifter. And how some of those lads can shimie! I fully expect a few pvts. and a corp. to report to the Surg. Maj. this a. m. for looped intestines or dislocated spines.

Everybody came out and served the boys their supper—you know, like they did the 4th of July. You ought to have seen those boys clean up their plates! A little personal attention from the outside helps wonderfully.

What did you tell me that Uncle Dudley was leaving for? If you don't know enough to tell me a thing straight, keep it to yourself. I know he does say foolish things sometimes to peeve you maybe, but he is a good old soul and means well.

"Old Faithful" is leaving. Every one is sorry to see him go. All but a couple of chronic kickers, and you know a good enemy is worth ten friends. "Faithful" has certainly lived up to his nic name, and will always be remembered as a real Red Cross man.

The little Red Cross has lately been infested with 500 bugs. They play on the tables at night. They are lots of fun. They say and do such funny things. But they are all gentle and add to the local color wonderfully.

By the way, that married nurses' husband is chief cackleberry smasher in one of our De Lux Eating Palaces. You remember I wrote you that he was a civilian now.

I can think of lots more news, but too much isn't good for your curious nature, so I will close with love from,

HELEN.



## Take Good Care of Your "Tummy" by "Chawing" Your Chow

BY JACK DEMPSEY

(Heavyweight Champion of the World)

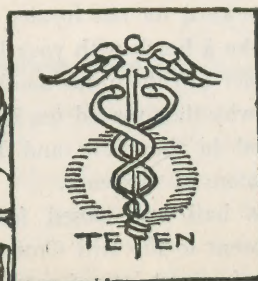
Eating is largely a matter of habit, and habits can be cultivated, perhaps not with the ease that bad habits can be acquired, but by using control of the appetite moderate and rational eating rules can be followed until they become second-nature habits. The matter of thoroughly chewing ones food seems to me in a general way to be far more important than what particular food we should eat. Whether we grind our molars on army "chow", whether we grab a "ham and" at Baron Bean's—or gorge ourselves with a king's layout at the Grove Park Inn—it makes comparatively little difference if we form the habit of masticating every atom until it involuntarily flows down our throats. Fellows, form the habit of chewing the "cud" to the extent that Horace Fletcher, the authority of mastication, advocated, and there is not much fear of over-eating or under eating. You may recall that Fletcher, before he started to study and practice the mastication principles, as turned down as a "bad risk" by a leading insurance company. This prompted him to take new interest in the reconstruction of his habits and entered Yale University at fifty to research on "chow and how to chew it" with a result that at 55 he had improved his physical condition and was able to take all the violent tests given young men qualifying for the football team, ride a bicycle 100 miles a day, etc, etc.

Fletcher contended that thoroughly chewing one's food to a liquid will prevent food that is not masticated sufficiently from entering the stomach. A large part of the assimilation of food takes place or should take place in the mouth. The constant chewing of food causes saliva to flow from the salivary glands in the mouth and mixes with the food (especially starchy food, such as army beans, potatoes and bread.) The earnest application of Fletcher's rules cannot but put much added "pep" into your system. Chew your cud for as long a time as the mess sergeant will stand for.

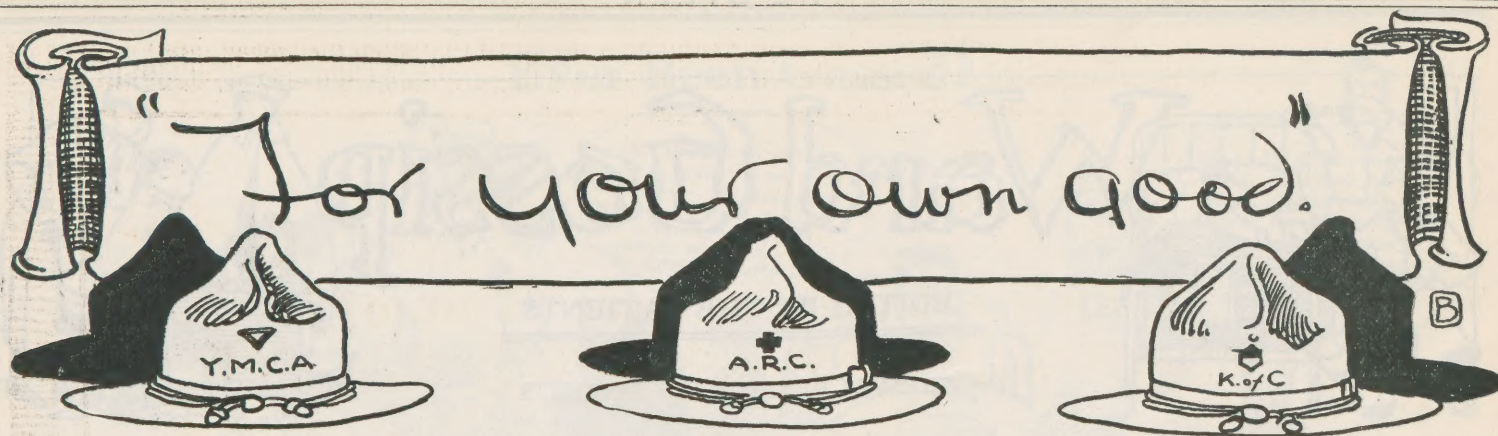
Some people claim big meat eaters can get more out their physical being. Vegetarians claim the opposite. Some bank their stomachs with cereal and others on a greasy diet (of which the army is an exemplary.) Freddy Welsh, the best little lightweight scrapper ever turned out, won his best fights on a no-meat diet, and two meals a day. Perhaps in competition and long staying power a diet of seasonable vegetables, milk, eggs, cereals, and fruit is the most sustaining. A Kaffir native runs 50 miles across rough country carrying 50 pounds with simply a handful of rice to feed himself. An American backwoodsman can do a tough detail of swinging an axe all day, which is a he-man's job, on a diet of canned pork and beans. His vigorous health and strength can laugh at hygienic hints—and all your new fangled dieticians. An old "salt" can live on salt meat and hardtack biscuits and still not be a dyspeptic. And so it goes.

I don't mean to prove that those who ignore through force of circumstances all laws of balancing diets are right. It is despite the fact that they live on unhygienic food, not because of that, that they are strong and healthy. Many of you fellows are so situated in camp and hospital that hard physical work in the open is impossible, yet I do contend that with pure air and proper mastication of your chow will do much in overcoming all the unhygienic food you may be stacked up against. The matter of how much and how many meals, and their variety, rests with the "bird" that orders the mess rations. The matter of how you eat, however, is entirely dependent upon yourself, so it is up to you when you next hear the sweet music of mess call to shun the "bolting" of your chow and detail your ivories to do their bit.

*Inspired by an Article in the Comeback, Washington, D. C.*







The Aesthetic Dance recital given by the pupils of Mrs. Sara Wilson at the Y. M. C. A. last Friday night was delightful and refreshing. The children handled their dances splendidly and seemed to enjoy the opportunity of doing their bit for the soldiers. Mrs. Wilson's two numbers were excellent. This program was secured through the kindness of the War Camp Community Service.

▽ ▽

A Sing-Song was held in the "Y" on Tuesday night with Mrs. Burns as the presiding and commanding officer. It was a good one, too. Mrs. Burns has been asked to come each week.

▽ ▽

Some of us have lots of good things, while others of us eat the crust.

▽ ▽

Monday was filled with good times from sun up to midnight. The ball game in the morning drew a record crowd and was a splendid game. The boys were all on their toes and were putting over some splendid team work. After dinner the Nurses' Aides entertained the boys in the grove around the Red Cross House with quoits, horse shoe, fortune-telling and other games. While the patients were enjoying themselves around the Red Cross House the detachment men and convalescent patients were at Oates Park giving a ten-inning game the once over. And, incidently, while they were watching the game the men left at home were enjoying a swell feed. The spread was under the guiding hand of Mrs. N. Buckner, State Secretary of the Baraca and Philathea Unions of the Carolinas. Everything that is good to eat was provided in plenty for every man at Oteen. The day was closed by a visit to China Town and an enlisted mens' dance.

▽ ▽

Several of the boys have threatened to go S. O. L.

▽ ▽

Kenilworth was, but it isn't any more.

The celebration of Labor Day at Oteen under the united auspices of the Red Cross, K. of C. and Y. M. C. A., proved to be an unqualified success and was much favored by ideal weather conditions. The hearty co-operation of the various Asheville churches and the ladies of the Red Cross chapters of Salisbury and Hickory, N. C., under the able leadership of Mrs. N. Buckner, State Secretary of Baracas-Philathea, gave the boys a day of good things that will long be remembered by them. From the time the baseball game between Oteen and Asheville started in the morning until close at midnight there wasn't a moment when there wasn't something doing. Following the game which resulted in favor of Oteen by a score of five to three, the Reconstruction Aides put on an outdoor entertainment, consisting of various contests for prizes, fortune-telling, games, etc., which continued until the "Big Feed" was ready, which was promptly at six o'clock. A Concerted onslaught by every one present was made on fried chicken, ice cream, cakes, doughnuts, biscuits, etc., and other good eats spread on bountiful laid tables in the grove adjoining the Red Cross House.

+ +

While the "Battle of the Grove" was being wedged every ward was being served with similar good things by committees of ladies representing various Asheville churches. Not a man was allowed to escape their attention.

+ +

At eight-thirty a "Night in Chinatown" was spent at the Red Cross House by the Detachment men and many pretty girls from Asheville, who came out to the dance. The dance proved to be the success of the season; the House was beautifully decorated in Oriental style by Sgts. Hornberger and Bramley, who showed exquisite taste in their decorations. Sgt. Bramley as "Wang Chue" proved to be a most unique Chinaman.

Tip to the Census taker of Oteen: If you want to innumerate the inhabitants of our more or less fair burg—come to our Sunday Movies. We think you could count all the noses on the post last Sunday evening. If there were any alfactory appendages missing it was those that were left on Flanders field. We have arranged a special musical program for tomorrow evening. Several numbers will be played before the show and a violin solo by Mr. Crochran will be a feature. Film to be shown tomorrow night is Vivian Martin in "Molly Entangled."

★ ★

We all enjoyed our second pool tournament thus far. It is going strong and we have made the second pairing—sixteen players being eliminated in the first matches. Some very interesting games were played and the finals promise to be hard-fought affairs. Every player seems to think those cups would look better with his name on them.

★ ★

Did we enjoy those games last Monday? I'll say we did. Are we going to win the last one? I'll say we are!

★ ★

Did you know Mass was celebrated at seven and seven thirty every morning?

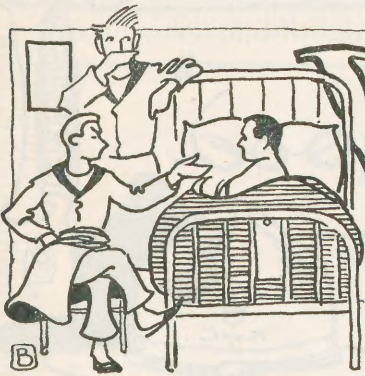
★ ★

Despite the fact that Monday was a holiday the dance Tuesday night was full of "pep." Asheville's pretty turned out as usual, and a good time was manifested by all.

★ ★

We almost ran out of cream last Saturday but are taking precautions for this afternoon. You can always come back for seconds. It is getting almost cool enough to serve coffee and cake again. Mrs. Hamilton and the rest of the chaperones say they don't have enough to do now and are anxious to start to work again.





### BE CHEERFUL

If you've got a situation—lots of work and little pay;

If the doctor feels your pulse and says you're very low today,

And the undertaker's shop is only just just across the way—

Be cheerful!

If your household coal is rationed and deliveries are slack;

If a motor-car should flatten you and leave you in it's tract,

Just lie in wait and sing until the motor-car comes back—

Be cheerful!

If the peace terms don't contain the fourteen points that you desire;

If you've paid insurance premiums and never had a fire.

You might have better luck before your policies expire—

Be cheerful!

If you've said good-bye to khaki and you want to settle down,

And cannot get a civie suit from anywhere in town,

Walk out in your pajamas and a handsome dressing gown,

Be cheerful!

—F. O. J.

### OVER THE TOP

All Hail, to our dear nurses. They are always where there is trouble. One who did not get across insisted on "going over the top" anyway, (a little slip off the road and into a ditch) while on a moonlight stroll the other night. No, she was not awe-struck—just the ordinary variety of "Moon struck." How do you feel now, Miss Lind?

# Ward Gossip

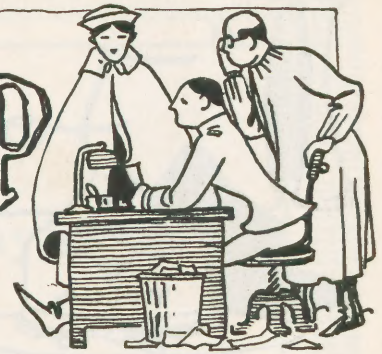
EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

## ARRIVAL OF INCOMING PATIENTS

(Up to September 1, 1919.)

Pvt. 1st Cl. Vernon Ratliff, 181 Engrs.; Pvt. Andrew Hatcher, 15 F. A.; Wagoner Roy Combs, 315 F. A.; Sgt. Hiram F. Kinsley, 62 Inf.; Pvt. Sherman O. Glasscock, 47 Inf.; Pvt. J. B. Speckner, Demob. Grp.; Pvt. John W. Branham, 516 Engrs.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Archie Campbell, 56 Pion. Inf.; Sgt. Ernest Shelton, Evac. Hosp. No. 31; Pvt. Wm. Williams, 306 Serv. Bn.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Carl Vest, 306 Serv. Bn.; Pvt. D. Coleman, 842 T. C.; Pvt. James Wright, 345 Serv. Bn.; Pvt. John R. Roach, 24 Engrs.; Pvt. F. J. Casty, 74 Inf.; Pvt. 1st Cl. George Bordeaux, Supp. Tr.; Sgt. Sydney Rossiter, 309 Inf.; Pvt. William King, 154 Depot Brig.; Pvt. Stanislaw Karautus, 307 Inf.; Pvt. Dallas Vigrass, 117 Sanitary Tr.; Pvt. Ernest McLaughlin, 101 Engrs.; Pvt. Wilfred Therrier, 2 Engrs.; Pvt. Chas. Yesson, 58 C. A. C.; Cpl. Martin L. Swope, 154 Depot Brig.; Cpl. Harry Nelson, 49 Inf.; Pvt. Fred E. LeGare, 154 Depot Brig.; Pvt. Frank Everett, 18 Inf.; Sgt. Frank Scott, 7 Inf.; Pvt. Chas. W. Hosan, 112 Inf.; Cpl. James J. Cullon, 328 Inf.; Pvt. Elmer J. Martin, 101 F. A.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Henry Potvis, 104 Wm. P. Donovan, 8 Engrs.; Pvt. 1st Cl. James W. McGrath, 501 Engrs.; Pvt. Basil Papanikolonidalis, 153 Depot Brig.; Pvt. Berger Lindberg, A. S.; Pvt. Lawrence A. Dunnim, 345 F. A.; Pvt. Domenico Santosusso, 327 Inf.; Pvt. Abraham Neukrug, Conv. Center; Pvt. John E. Sullivan, 101 F. A.; Pvt. Elmer B. Nash, 60 Inf.; Sgt. Richard R. Griffith, 514 Engrs. Pvt. Chas. E. Glenn, 109 M. G. Bn.; Pvt. John Hofarth, 152 Depot Brig.; Pvt. Marx J. Strassel, Pvt. Chas. H. Zimmer, 116 A. T.; Pvt. Philip J. Van Hoff, 305 Inf.; Pvt. Paul S. Ashby, Ordn. Depot; Pvt. Petro Tesk, 307 Inf.; Cpl. Wm. Gregory, G. S. I.; Cpl. Albert J. Markle, C. A. C.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Frank Merrill, 29 Inf.; Pvt. Edward E. Davey, 109 M. G. Bn.; Pvt. Geo.

(Continued on page 17)



### WARD GOSSIP OF I-10

Say Moore—You had better have your meals in bed, and stay out of that kitchen, 'cause that lil' fat nurse will sure step on you.

Think Doyle will take his rest hour now?

Wood! Wood Wake up and take this thermometer!

There was a young lady named Waring,  
With her great big eyes always staring;

If she looks at you,

Oh, dear, I'm thru,

For a young man she wants to be marryin'.

Rudat, if you don't stop that unearthly singing and howling, and let us sleep, some one will shanghai you!

—F. O. Johnson.

### SOAK 'EM, BROTHER

A reporter in a camp where a number of negro troops were being discharged, asked one of them what he was planning to do when he got his release.

"Boys," said the negro, "the fust thing after Ah gets mah discharge, Ah goes and busts mah seecord lieutenant on the nose."

"Oh, no you ain't, nigger," spoke up another, "you is gwine to git in line and take yo' turn."

Bill: "Yes, sir; that chap was happy and contented in this ward; ate what they gave him and never complained. When he was told he was to be transferred to his home he cried like a baby. They actually had to drag him out of here!"

Jimmie: "What was the matter with him—"nuts?"

Bill: "No, sir. He was as bright and clever as they make them. He was playing with them reconstruction tools and is five years old!"



## Ever Been Gassed?



### U. S. SPENDS \$11.67 A WEEK FOR EACH ARMY BIRD

Washington.—It costs the United States government \$11.67 a week to maintain each man in the army, the War Department revealed in announcing weekly purchases by the army.

The expenditures for the week ended July 19 amounted to \$9,217,000, or \$11.67 a man. Of this amount 7,065,000 was for subsistence.

From November 23 to July 19, \$420,000,000 was expended for maintaining American troops.

### RECOMMENDING HIM

"Eh-yah! Young Doc. Purt is a pretty good doctor," admitted the landlord of the Petunia tavern, in reply to the inquiry of a guest who felt the need of physician's advice. "In spite of all the money he's spent for electrical apparatus and the fact that he wears one of these 'ere three-cornered vanduct beards, there have been no unusually distressing deaths in our midst during the six months he has been with us."

### TEN-DAY FURLOUGH

War Department Circular No. 378, governing the granting of furloughs, to enlisted men, contains specifications covering the cases of both regular army men and those enlisted for the emergency. Commanding officers, where all emergency men have been discharged and all regulars who have completed their prescribed periods of active service and who are eligible have been furloughed to the reserve, will not grant furloughs to enlisted men of the regular army for a period longer than one month, except under circumstances of distress which cannot be alleviated.

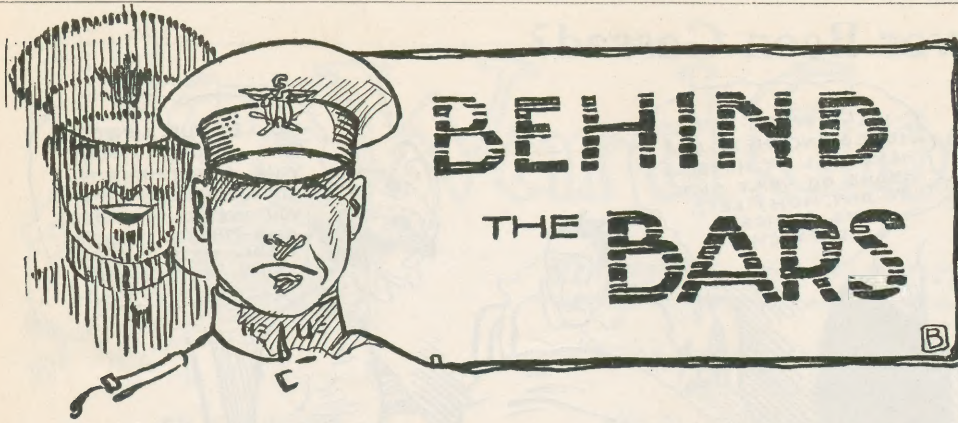
Furloughs will not be granted to men enlisted or drafted for the emergency for a longer period than 10 days, except under exceptional circumstances. In general, emergency men whose services can be spared for a longer period than 10 days should be discharged.

No, Mabel, you're wrong,  
A. E. F. don't mean,  
After Every Female.

### OL' NOSE O' MINE

Good ol' nose, you faithful horn,  
You've blown for me since I was born.  
You fed me air without a whine,  
You've been a pal, ol' nose o' mine.  
In all the scraps I've been with you,  
I've seen you pink and sometimes blue.  
You've never blown retreat for me,  
Although my eyes could scarcely see.  
Good ol' beezer, game ol' geezer;  
You never was an awful sneezer.  
You've taken many a hefty clout,  
And stayed with me, game ol' snout.  
Knocked out of place, but still on my face;  
Hammered and bent, yet trying to scent;  
Snorting and blowing, blood often flowing,  
You weathered the storm, however warm.  
Now, I solemnly pledge you my vow,  
No matter what happens, starting from now,  
You'll never again stop another mitt.  
Nose O' Mine—you've done your bit.  
—Freddie Welsh (ex-Lightweight  
Champion of the World.)





Capt. McIntosh, he of Chigger fame, left his grape farm long enough this week to run in and console us awhile. The Capt. rendered the whole gang homesick by his glowing tales of home cooking and Honest-to-God grub. . . . The grape crop is not so promising as was hoped by his thirsty friends.

★ ★

Lieut. Cronan was cutting high jinks a few days ago over his cleverness in beating certain officers to it in making application for leave. The others have gone on leave but the "Loot" is still among those present.

★ ★

Capt. Jack Hare spent a day in camp last week.

★ ★

Lieut. Cannon, Oteen's noted Nomad, moved again last week. From Ward two to Ward one he came with full entourage and complete equipment. He also moved his basket foundry with him.

★ ★

Miss Ottman, who has been the boss of most of the gang in Ward one since Nero was a pup, has gone on a hard-earned and most deserved leave. It is the hope of every officer in the ward that she will assume charge again after she returns.

★ ★

The advance agent of Jack Frost & Company, eccentric comedians, reached here a few days ago and made such a strong impression that there was much scrambling for half-forgotten sweaters, overcoats and extra blankets. It will soon be the time of weenie roasts, marshmallow parties, mince pie, oysters, and "fare-well Mr. B. V. D.!"

★ ★

We are not a bit flinniky about our grub, but when we are asked to be happy and sleep well after a supper of sardines and cheese, we are filled to the brim with emotions strong and unutterable.

Lieut. "Wheel Soldier" Campbell is much interested in astronomical studies these clear nights, using the balcony of the Nurses' Red Cross House as his observation post. Oh yes, he has an assistant. He reports that all stars and planets have a strangely familiar reddish glow.

★ ★

It is rumored that there is a movement on foot whereby the Self-Centered Appropriation Club, of the South Side, whose motto seems to be "All for us and none for others," will generously relinquish the pool table for the general use of the officers here for a period of thirty minutes each day.

★ ★

The presence of so many sad faces among the Fair Sex of this post and the city during the past few days has at last been explained. Y' see, Lieut. Freddy Moon has parted company with the trusty and famous "Cootie," and is no more seen joyfully kicking up the dust among the highways and byways in these parts.

★ ★

The new owner of the "Cootie" is Lieut. Ensign, but so far we have not heard of his being mobbed by the fair sex, all of which proves that it was the former owner of the "Cootie" and not the machine itself that was the real attraction.

★ ★

It was noted Monday that motor transportation was provided for every section and division of the post exchange for the O. P.'s for the game in Asheville.

★ ★

We soul-salute those ladies, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Platt and Mrs. Felthaus, who gave up their holiday that they might provide us with that delectable Brunswick stew and other delicious things to eat, which meant a real day of Labor to them, yet saved the day for us.

## O.P.'S HAVE RED BLOOD, TOO!

We wish to congratulate those who have charge of the transportation which takes the "fans" from this camp to the various baseball games participated in by our stellar "Oteen team." We overheard arrangements being discussed Monday morning for means of conveying the rooters to Oates Park for the never-to-be-forgotten evening game. The arrangements were as follows:

- 2 trucks to Hill Wards,
- 5 trucks for detachment men,
- 1 truck for baseball team, M. P.'s,
- etc., etc.,
- Autos for staff officers and nurses.

But what of the officer patients? Why the jitneys park in front of Headquarters—"One more and we go!" Verily the way of the fan is hard, but we will go—and we will root just as hard for the champions of Western North Carolina as though we were invited and transported there like real fans. Yes, *one more*—and we'll go.

—O. P. Fan.

## EXTRA REST PERIODS

Among some of the patient officers of Ward No. 1 (Lieut. Shaw included), the newest custom is to take a wee nap during the Red Cross cinema exhibition, notwithstanding the fact that a certain demure A. N. C., of the land of Cannuck, by the name of Farr, on one side, and one of the Emerald Isle variety, a certain Maloney, on the other, assiduously ply their profession in an endeavor to preserve consciousness. O'phaw, but then you know these Engineers are usually able to bridge such slight difficulties.

## PEDDLERS IN UNIFORM

Peddlers in the American uniform should receive no consideration from any one. When they do not represent their own unworthiness they reflect the vicious greed of some grasping individual or firm which has tempted them to prey upon the sensibilities of the public. Do not buy from them in the belief that you are showing an appreciation of men who were in service. Rather, you are helping support an abuse that is resented by service men generally.



## HIE YOURSELVES TO THESE LECTURES

Two courses of lectures have been inaugurated—and are under way at this time. They are being conducted by Major Dunham, Chief of the Laboratories, and the additional lecturers are Major Ward, Capt. Hayes, Capt. Alexander, Lt. Cornell and Dr. Skavlam. One set of lectures are for the Nurses and Reconstruction aides, which are taking place in the Nurses Red Cross House on the 3rd, 5th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 15th, 17th and 18th of September. These lectures will be along educational, constructive lines, and should prove of invaluable help to those in attendance.

A series of five lectures are being given in the next two weeks to the Detachment forces in the mess hall dealing especially with hygiene, sanitation, hospital treatment, care, etc. These will be given by popular lecturers among the commissioned officers. Major Dunham gave the first of the series on Wednesday evening last, which proved mighty popular among the men, as well as instructive to a great degree.

## MAJOR McDOWELL LEAVING CAPT. ALEXANDER NOW CHIEF OF MEDICAL SERVICE

Major J. D. McDowell has received favorable action on his request for retirement, becoming effective at a near date. Capt. Alexander of baseball and S. C. D. fame has been assigned to fill the Major's boots. The Major has been Chief of the Medical Service at this Post since the early days of its existence, and it is with a deep sense of regret that we see him leave. Yet may he know we are all the better for having known him as a personality—and surely the hospital has profited in having his invaluable service during these months.

## BACK TO THE OLD LOVE

Private Green loved a farm maiden,  
Who dwelt near the garrison gate;  
And several times o'er this youth fondly  
swore

That none was so lovely as Kate.

Corporal Green loved a school-miss,  
Who cared less for books than for boys;  
He was fond of this girl with her brown  
hair a-curl,  
And thought he had found Love's true  
joys.

With Sergeant Green it was different,  
He loved a typist up-town;  
She was a broker's clerk who shirked all  
her work,  
But alas; the false one threw him down.

Lieutenant Green loved a debutante,  
Who talked of books, music and art;  
But the "course of true Love" only runs  
smooth Above,  
And their ways had to lie far apart.

Captain Green sought an actress,  
And with love in his eyes he tarried;  
But the curtain was dropped and the play  
soon was stopped,  
When the Captain found out she was  
married.

Major Green, at forty years old,  
Fearing a bachelor's fate,  
Went back again to rove with his old boy-  
hood love,  
And somehow—he married Kate.  
—Fort Bayard News.

## "NEW" MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

The Medical Department in the "new" Army, according to the proposed War Department reorganization bill, is not widely different from the present establishment, but the provisions therefor will be of interest, especially to the "medical" readers of THE OTEEN. The bill provides that:

"The Medical Department shall consist of the Medical Corps, the Dental Corps, the Veterinary Corps, and the Army Nurse Corps. The Medical Corps shall consist of 1 major general, 2 brigadier generals, 123 colonels, 211 lieutenant colonels, 922 majors, 1,755 captains, 878 first lieutenants, 125 master hospital sergeants, 125 hospitals sergeants, 1,750 sergeants, first-class; 2,750 sergeants, 1,250 corporals, 126 mechanics, 1,769 wagoners, 1,102 cooks, 5,334 privates, first-class; and 10,669 privates. The Dental Corps shall consist of 19 colonels, 19 lieutenant colonels, 59 majors, 278 captains, 411 first lieutenants, 314 second lieutenants, 34 sergeants, first-class; 140 sergeants, 1 wagoner, 340 privates, first-class; and 680 privates. The Veterinary Corps shall consist of 5 colonels, 5 lieutenant colonels, 15 majors, 68 captains, 101 first lieutenants, 76 second lieutenants, 194 sergeants, first-class; 480 sergeants, 96 horse-shoers; 240 corporals, 48 saddlers, 54 mechanics, 960 stable sergeants, 9 wagoners, 96 cooks, 865 private, first-class; and 1,730 privates.

"I suppose you are going into the country for your holiday this year, as you always do?"

"No, not this year; our cook prefers the seaside."

## Even as You 'en Me





# The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

## CHAPTER XXXIV

(Synopsis of Previous Chapters).

(Bruno is now firmly implanted in the moving picture business. He wrote a scenario and got \$2.50 for it, and his future seems secure, which will undoubtedly be true for when Bruno decided to be a canal-boat captain without ever having found a canal or a boat his prospects sure did look slim. But now everything is O. K. All Bruno has to do to make a living is to write 14 or 15 scenarios a week and if the scenarios we have seen lately are any indication, a one-armed paper hanger with softening of the brain ought to be able to tear off a gross or two any warm afternoon. We aren't any David Wark Griffith, but it looks to us as if a couple of hop-pipes and a complete ignorance of life were all the equipment needed for an A-1 scenario writer.

Pretty soon we'll be running these chapter numerals into L's and M's and things like that, which we see on public building and are never able to understand.

When Bruno got back home after his interview with the director, Aaron, his affable host suggested that instead of writing another scenario right away he take a day off and do some acting so as to get the local color.

The next morning Bruno went down with Aaron, who seemed to have considerable pull, and was immediately given a part in a stirring photo drama called "To Hell With Trotsky," a faithful presentation of the dangers of Bolshevism adapted from the fine account of Y. M. C. A. Secretary Joshua Spudds, of Illinois, recently returned from a first-hand study of Bolshevism in the back streets of Brest.

Joshua himself was on the lot helping the director by constantly standing in from of the camera. Joshua has done so much testifying before various committees lately that as soon as he meets a stranger he starts right in telling his story. No sooner had he shaken hands with Bruno than he began:

"Conditions are unspeakable. Chaos is everywhere. There is not the slightest semblance of organized government. I must show you a photograph taken in a lonely wood outside the village of Pzmlyt, showing

the bodies of 290 bourgeoisie and eight intelligenzia shot down in cold blood. The fact that the photograph is dated 1905 is irrefutable evidence to my mind that the plots of these wretches were hatched years ago, etc, etc.

Bruno listened quite respectfully for a while, and then finding that Joshua went right on whether any one was listening or not, he sauntered off to find the director. The director was running around in his shirt sleeves shouting hoarsely at one of the actors with a long knife and a huge pair of whiskers. This bird was standing over a lady in her night shirt who was clinging pitifully to his knees.

"Look fiercer," hollowed the director, "wiggle your knife more. Holler, Anna, for the love of Mike, holler. Don't you know that you are being wantonly assaulted? The way you are grabbing his knees you'd thing you were tackling him on the 40-yard line. Look piteous."

Pretty soon the director appeared to be satisfied and the whole crew trailed over to where a paper-mache edifice of the kind-hearted Duke Bumpemoff was about to be consumed in flames by a deluded populace. Bruno was to have the principal part in this picture. As a commander of a platoon of the noble Don Cossacks he was to dash up at the head of his hardy men in time to save the youngest and most beautiful of the daughters of Bumpemoff.

They gave Bruno the high, wooly shake, the cuirass, the spear and other Cossack accoutrements that now have so prominent a place in all well-regulated moving picture ward-rooms. It was gosh-darned hot in all these foreign duds, and long before they got the fire going Bruno began to perspire heavily. Behind him his great-hearted men began to mumble things that didn't sound a bit like the sort of sentiments one would look for from the Children of Light.

Finally, however, they got started. Out of the window of the chateau suddenly appeared the startled face of Ann Milligan, who was taking the part of the Lady Bumpemoff.

"Help," she screamed.

Ta-ra-la. In busts Bruno at the head of his band of heroes. One of them hand

him a ladder. Up he goes undaunted by all the stream that was fizzing up the front of the chateau walls in the most flame-like manner. In a moment Bruno has her in his arms and the perilous descent is begun. But wait. Not far nothing has Ann been putting away her minute steaks, and "another helping of cream, please." Ann is some heft. If you ever tried to carry a 170-pound (right-side weight) lady down a rickety ladder you can realize what our hero was up against. Two rungs down, his shako fell off and through the uproar could be heard the horrified voice of the director screaming unspeakable things. Three rungs down and Bruno's feet, clad in unfamiliar boots, began to slip. The Lady Bumpemoff feeling her none too steady support waning gave a convulsive wiggle. Bruno tried to steady himself, but too late. Out went flashing boots. Into the sky swept Milligan limbs, and with a crash that resembled the breaking up of a boiler-plate factory rescuer and rescuee smote the hard earth at the ladder's base.

So many things happened at once immediately after the landing that Bruno was unable to note their sequence. He does remember distinctly looking squarely into a pair of flaming Irish blue eyes in a setting of crimson face and dishevelled locks. He does remember the sudden pain of the contact of a feminine Irish fist and his right cheek and the hatred compressed in the one word, "boob," hissed by Miss Milligan as she smote. There things become confused. There was the director, purple in countenance, raving like the proverbial Bull of Bashan, something about wasted film. There was the camera-man tearing his hair and Aaron wringing his hands, and the supes slapping their flanks in gusts of untimely mirth. And finally there was the unkindest cut of all, a healthy kick landed by the director on Bruno.

That was enough for our hero, you can crowd that little guy so far and no further. He arose stiffly and began to grope around him. Suddenly his eye lighted. He had found what he was looking for. It was the practicable Cossack spear, lying on the ground a few feet away. With a strange

(Continued on page 20)





### DOINS OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

We'll say his name should be Persimmon for that fine bonehead bit of baseball Monday p. m.

★ ★

Mr. B. L. Heyman, late of Oteen, has been tripping the light fantastic at Sacandaga—one of those flea-bitten summer resorts up North.

★ ★

Amongst the late arrivals at the Nurses' Lodge, No. 1, are the Misses Babetta Roberts, Sara Cooper, and Dick Cowdrick from Cleanfields, Pa.

★ ★

Noted one of them "Recon. 'Loots'" bet a ten spot on the ball game tother day without a hitch. There's red blood among them at that, we'll say!

★ ★

"I happen to be Secretary of War. Newton D. Baker." From the New York Times. Gosh, that is the best explantation so far made on the subject.

★ ★

It's the conviction of many smokers in camp that most of the Post Exchange matches are non-union.

★ ★

An exclusive game of chance was held in Bldg. 242 Tuesday evening last. The flush of water and the O. D. were the only deterrent factors of the party.

★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Townsend were observed touring Patton avenue one day last week.

★ ★

Miss Miller, of Winter Garden fame, won the dance contest at the Chinatown Dance, given at the Red Cross House Monday night.

★ ★

Earl C. Bingaman, of Reading, Pa., gave a dinner at Gross' Winnie Palace on Thursday evening; well decorated tables were set for ten—floral decorations by Brown Hardware Company.

### ARMY HOSPITALS CUT DOWN

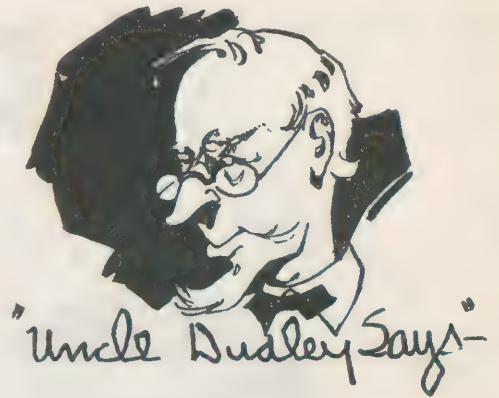
Army General Hospitals were closed on September 1st as follows: Fort Ontario, New York; Biltmore, N. C.; New Haven, Conn.; Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.; Fort Douglas, Utah, and Fort Snelling, Minn.

On August 1 there were 29,683 patients in army hospitals. Of these, about 10,000 are what is known as long time cases, such as bone and joint cases, empyema and nerve and facial cases, which require extended treatment. All of the serious cases are being collected as rapidly as possible in twenty general hospitals.

In this connection General Ireland has recommended the continuance of the publications at these hospitals of newspapers and magazines which have been conducted by and for the soldier patients therein. "I believe the newspaper published in these hospitals have done a greater amount of good to keep up the morale of the patients than any other activity," he says, "And I believe it is in the interest of the service to continue this paper wherever it is possible to do so."

### RECRUITING PARTY ON TRIP

Lt. R. L. Pries and a group of Detachment men left camp the first of the week in two hospital ambulances for an extended recruiting trip of 21 days throughout the state. They will visit a circle of towns over the state spending a day in each hamlet. The canvassing party is being sent out essentially to get recruits for the medical detachment. For every re-enlistment obtained one reserve man will be released. Here's hoping they get a whole regiment!



"Now thet cold wether iz a-comin', ye kin expect a whoppin' big increase in th' divorce bizness."

★ ★

"How do I figger it Wall, ye jest wait until sum o' these here hot wether brides try plantin' their freezin' jazz tootsies in th' middle o' Mr. Hubby's warm back for th' fust time; by th' time said hubby gits thru hiz liddle love oration, there will be one more romance gone 'bust.'"

★ ★

"Many a romance hez been spiled by a feller a-gittin' cold feet; but a durn site more romances hev been busted up by a female's cold feet."

★ ★

"Th' tother day sum o' th' ladies o' th' city giv th' fellers a wallop in good feed down t' th' Red Cross House. En atter th' feed there wuz a hop. By gum, there wuz more pretty gals t' th' squar inch then there air fleas on a houn' dog's ear. En th' jazz racket what thet air orchetry raised even made th' M. P.'s show signs o' life. It shore wuz one gee-wallop in, bang-up party."

★ ★

"En th' ladies sent th' O. P.'s sum Brunswick stew, which wuz a new one on th' gang, en my Nevvy Humphries sez, sez he, 'en near ez I kin figger it, Brunswick stew iz a sort o' high-brow slum, but it wuz pow'rful good en all et hearty.'"

★ ★

"We got a ball team what iz a ball team! Now fer a knockout t' this here Ash Villian gang."

★ ★

"Atter havin' abserved bout 'steen thousand o' these here Summer Gals down t' th' city, bout th' only difference yer Ole Unckle kin see between th' Summer Gal en ary other kind o' gal iz th' Summer Gal uses a durn site more paint en stuffin' in her make up, en is a durn site more expensive t' entertain."



# RECONSTRUCTION



NOW—and HEREAFTER.

CAPT. JOHN B. MORGAN, Chief of Reconstruction

LT. HARRY J. KEFAUVER,

LT. L. W. RIBA,

LT. ARTHUR HALSTEAD,

LT. WARREN K. LAYTON,

LT. WM. R. BOONE,

MISS ANNA M. BARRINGER, Supervisor of Aides.

Mrs. Ruth Porter Baker, one of the pioneer Blue Birds, has received her discharge and has taken flight.

★ ★

Biggerstaff says she doesn't like that black horse at all. (A dark horse in the offing.)

★ ★

Someone made the remark on Sunday that the meat needed skiving. Evidently someone took the suggestion for on Monday we had the skivers.

★ ★

Kelly and Cunningham failed to appear for class the day after Labor Day. Report says that they so disliked to see good food go to waste that they disposed of some of the excess by eating breakfast in bed the next morning.

★ ★

They tell us that Sergeant Kane does not come to C-2 any more. What's the matter Sergeant?

★ ★

Moving Day at our house. Yep! we've all moved around again. Lieutenant Layton to the Chief's Office. Lieutenant Kefauver consolidated with the Assignment Office. Miss Barringer to Lieutenant Kefauver's office. Miss Beebe and Miss Richmond to Miss Barringer's office. The Exhibit room to Miss Beebe's office and Miss Beehler to the Exhibit room. More fun.

★ ★

Christine Gray, the girl with the happy laugh, is in

the Infirmary. Best of luck, Gray, do hurry up and get well. We miss you.

★ ★

A class in bed-making for the Aides was scheduled for Wednesday morning. Here's where military life is a preparation for future worries. Unfortunately neither pupils nor instructor appeared. Can it be that the aides are not domestically inclined.

★ ★

Miss Beebe is tearing her hair. One hundred boxes of lustre, the stuff pillow tops are composed of, were given out in one morning from the stock room and now they are ask-

ing for more.

★ ★

Miss Jessie Estelle Williams of Washington City is visiting her brother, Reid Williams at Oteen.

★ ★

Private Geo McNutt's departure is mourned especially by his Shorthand teacher, Miss Morris. She says he was one of her star pupils. Private McNutt received his discharge and left Monday for his home in Toledo, Ohio.

★ ★

There are thirty-eight of us now. The hospital at Ontario, New York, has given us three, Miss Marguerite Roe, Miss Jessie Clark, Miss Gladys Roberts, and U.S.A. General Hospital No. 16 has given us two, Miss Frances Butler and Miss Helen Washburn. These aides have been given the following assignments:

Miss Roe to I-2 and E-4.

Miss Clark to I-II and I-6

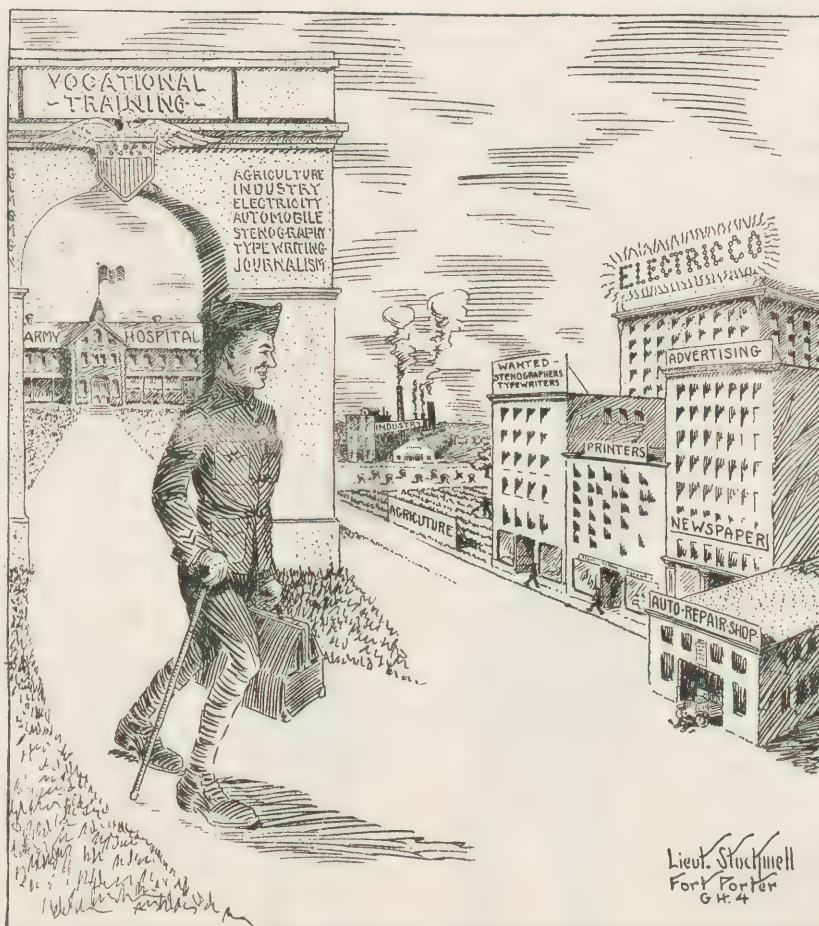
Miss Roberts to W-1 and I-3.

Miss Butler to I-7 and E-8

Miss Washburn to the Shop at the Reconstruction Building.

★ ★

First Lieutenant Warren K. Layton of the Sanitary Corps has succeeded Captain John J. B. Morgan, who received his discharge on Saturday. Probably the best judge of a man's efficiency is his popularity among his subordinates. Is he popular? Ask the Aides.



Lieut. Stockwell  
Fort Porter  
G. H. 4

THE OUTLOOK IS ALL IN THE TRAINING



### THE MODEST JAZZ-BIRD

The Jazz-birds sings a barnyard song—  
A cock-a-doodle bray,  
A jingle-bells, a boiler works,  
A he-man's roundelay.

The eagle said: "My noisy son,  
I sent you out to fight!"  
So the youngster spread his sunflower wings  
And roared with all his might.

His headlight eyes went flashing  
From Oregon to Maine;  
And the land was dark with airships  
In the darting Jazz-bird's train.

Crossing the howling ocean,  
His bell-mouth shook the sky;  
And the Yankees in the trenches  
Gave back the hue and cry.

And Europe had not heard the like—  
And Germany went down!  
The fowl of steel with clashing claws  
Tore off the Kaiser's crown.

—Vachel Lindsay.

### PICNICS GRATIS

The *erroneous* impression seems to be prevalent among some of the officer patients that all out-door picnics are furnished *gratis* by the people associated with Red Cross (or others). In order to successfully negotiate the numerous legal intricacies of this game we would advise those interested to interview Postmaster Brooker.

Speaker—Thank God, the country has gone dry. It will bring sunshine to many a home.

Skeptic—Yes, and moonshine, too, brother!

Buck at Re-Con: Do you love your teacher.

Second Buck: I tried it once, but she got mad.

### FULLY PAID

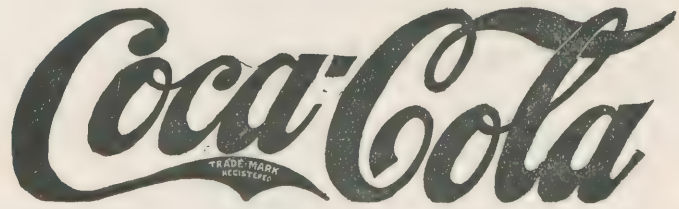
Lawyer—An dnow that I have saved you from that bootlegging charge, what do you consider my services worth?

Negro Client—I ain't got no money, boss, but I'll give you two gallons of whisky.

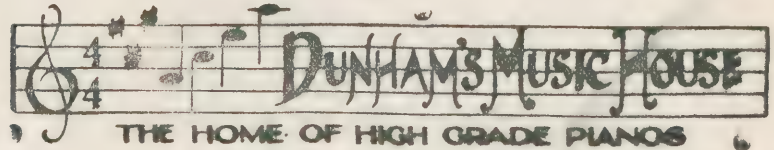
"Did you see daughter's bathing suit?" asked mother.

"No, answered father. "I scarcely noted the suit. Most of what I saw was daughter!"

# DRINK



## EVERY BOTTLE STERILIZED



## Don't Return to Civilian Life

Without the advantage of a good business training. Our thorough courses, complete equipment and corps of expert teachers enable you to secure an exceptional Business Training at our School. We make special rates to men who have been in the service.

### EMANUEL BUSINESS COLLEGE

U. S. OFFICIAL VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

15 HAYWOOD STREET

TELEPHONE 1100

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

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PHONE 1651

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"ON THE SQUARE"

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES, RUBBER GOODS, SPECIAL TRUSS-FITTING  
DEPARTMENT. EXPERT IN CHARGE.

**THE BUSY CORNER**

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

## I BELIEVE!

I believe in being happy  
I believe in being good,  
I believe in being busy,  
I believe in sawing wood.  
I believe in being decent,  
I believe in being fair,  
But I don't believe in laughing  
When I really ought to care.

I believe in being cheerful,  
I believe in being brave,  
But when stern-faced duty calls me  
I believe in being grave.  
I do not believe in whining  
When misfortune comes my way,  
But I do believe in fighting  
Very grimly with dismay.

I believe in smiles and laughter,  
I believe in gentle ways,  
I believe in making merry  
When I have my merry days;  
But when obstacles beset me  
And the clouds above are gray,  
I do not believe in thinking  
I can laugh them all away.

I believe that worry's useless,  
I believe that frowns are worse,  
I believe that it is idle  
For a man to rail and curse.  
But when trouble I am facing  
I believe in "buckling in"  
With the strength the Lord has given,  
Putting up a fight to win.

—Detroit Free Press.

**THE OTEEN HOSPITAL  
BUYS ALL OF ITS  
FISH**

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**The  
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What an Endorsement  
for QUALITY this is!



## POSITION OF A SOLDIER

Heels in the same puddle and as near each other as the size of the shoes will permit.

Toes turned out like an angel.

Knees knocking slightly.

Tips, one on each side; body near the hips; back lifted and arched; shoulders drooping equally.

Arms and hands hanging down thumb along the inside seam of the pocket of your flank man.

## SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

Corporal J. had been introduced to a Miss Ethel Somebody.

"I spell my name E-t-h-y-l," said she. "It is much prettier."

"Are your folks in the alcohol business?" he asked her.

"Why, no," replied Ethyl; "where on earth did you get a far-fetched idea like that?"

## HELP WANTED

Bank Official: "So you have been in the battles of Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and Argonne Forest, and killed thirty Prussians and captured forty-one single-handed?"

Doughboy: "Yes, sir."

Bank Official: "You're hired. We need you for a bank messenger."

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Doesn't this speak well for  
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100 PER CENT PURE PORTO RICAN CIGAR

5c, 10c, 15c. 2 FOR 25c

We believe the good quality of CENTROSAS will be appreciated by you. They are less injurious, because of their mildness and freedom from combination filler and artificial flavoring. On sale at your Exchange and all dealers in town.

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Our constant effort is to aid you in your Saving.

Ample resources, an efficient management and State supervision combine to make our policy both responsible and progressive.

Our superior faculties and strong connections are always at your service.

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## A FALL WELCOME

*from*

**HART SCHAFFNER & MARX**

In clothes of season's latest for the man who cares for the *appearance* his own personal *appearance* carries.

*Anthony Bros*  
OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND WOMEN

## STILL CHANCE TO BE A LOOIE LOOK HERE!

How officers for the new peacetime army will be chosen after the legislation authorizing the size of that army becomes law was announced by the War Department. The General Staff states it is the policy to select appointees from among persons who served as emergency officers during the war. The first applicants to be considered will be those emergency officers who have approved applications on file. Next will come emergency officers who have been honorably discharge and in whose cases there are approved applications on file. The next to be considered would be former emergency officers who did not file application for commissions in the regular army, and the last class to whom the opportunity is open according to the announcement from the staff is "Persons other than emergency officers who may be eligible under such legislation as is enacted."

"What would you do if a pack of German suddenly came right down on top of us?" asked the sergeant.

"Dey ain't gwine to know whar I is," replied the private.

"How's that, Sam?"

"Well, you see, dey might know what I wuz, but not whar I is!"

## Garcia Grande CIGARS

A mild Havana for men of discriminating taste, is now on sale at

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(Continued from page 6)

S. Corbett, 153 Depot Brig.; Mech. Chas. A. Dennis, 5 Pion. Inf.; Pvt. Maurice F. Harpres, A. S. C.; Cpl. Eugene Laurier, 103 M. G. Bn.; Pvt. Martin Stenner, 59 Pon. Inf.; Sgt. 1st Cl. John J. Fitzgerald, 219 F. S. Bn.; Pvt. Humphrey Campbell, 424 San. Tr.; Sgt. Oscar S. Gladding, 324 F. A.; Pvt. Edward McDermott, 11 F. A.; Pvt. Wilfred Paon, P. W. E.; Pvt. Murdock Johnson, 833 D. Bn.; Cpl. James H. Faughn, 107 Guard Co.; Pvt. George E. Tpmaszewski, 326 Inf.

### LOST AND FOUND

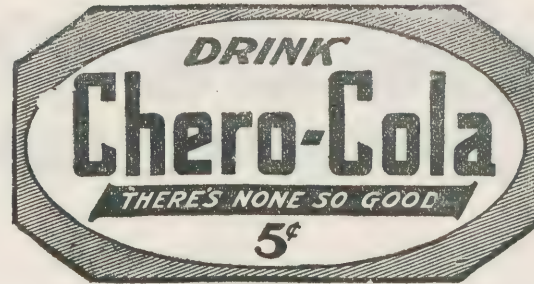
They met one evening face-to-face,  
Their talk was heart-to-heart;  
And when the village clock struck twelve,  
He said: "I must depart."

The color all had left her cheek,  
He thought: "It pains her so  
To see me leave; her heart stands still;  
She pales to see me go."

Her face was wan, her cheeks were pale,  
But that did not denote  
Her color left because he did—  
It was upon his coat.

First Farmer—How do you find your  
new hired man, Erzy?

Second Farmer—I look in the shade of  
the tree nearest his work.



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ON SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.

### ASHEVILLE LAUNDRY

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

### "CANNED WILLIE" FOR SALE

The country-wide sale of Army food at Army prices may cause something of a flutter among the frugal housewives of the country. To get anything in the way of wholesome food at anything near a reasonable price is a new and novel experience these days. And, while it is being urged that service men take the widest advantage of this opportunity, it is difficult to picture the average returned soldier in a mad scramble for "canned willie" and the several varieties of chow he partook of during the past year or two. Of course, high living cost and attendant necessity tend to drive one's appetite to most any extreme. But the sale of Army supplies at "reduced" price is not much of a panacea for extortionate food prices. The outcome of the impending onslaught against food profiteers will be awaited with far more interest. Perhaps it will bring us back to more pies like mother used to make, which have a more appetizing aspect, some way or other, than the beans our uncle used to bake.

The Home Service Section has a supply of the pamphlets, "Where Do We Go From Here," containing information in regard to the new insurance, compensation, employment, Vocational Training and a dozen other things that will interest you. If you haven't received a copy of this valuable little book, call for one at the Home Service Section.

### The Four Stars Tea Room



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Meals served Daily, except Sunday  
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3 to 6:30 p.m.

Dinner or Supper  
6:30 to 9:00 p.m.

Best Home Food at Moderate Prices

SERVICE A LA CARTE



## VANISHED LANDMARKS

What has become of the Cigar Store Indian? Once he stood Proud and Serene,  
Holding a Tomahawk in One Hand,  
Extending the other Busted  
Wrist which had once held a Bunch of  
Cigars. Once weary Drunks used to  
Drape themselves Affectionately on his  
Sturdy Frame, and  
Kick the Paint off his Base.  
Not only has he Departed  
But we fear the Joyous Ones  
Who once Embraced Him Tenderly  
Have also Vanished. Alas!

★ ★

Then, there was the Sleighing Party.  
Where everybody in the Party  
Had his Arm round a Girl,  
And where they all Drove Somewhere  
And had a Chicken Supper,  
Afterwards playing Kissing Games.  
This is an Age of Progress,  
But sometimes our Hearts sort of  
Yearn for the Red Plush Furniture  
And the Family Photograph Albums,  
And for Certain Beverages of  
Other Days. —Ex.

## HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SPEED?

Why isn't it possible for the detachment  
to be paid before the 5th of the month when  
the civilian workers, nurses and officers  
are paid promptly on the first? Much hard-  
ship is caused to us over what many think,  
is a needless holdup. Other camps see us  
through on this sort of thing.

—A BUCK PRIVATE.

## SHE FILLED THE BILL

Gaiboy—Why did you leave your last  
place?

Comely Applicant—I was caught kissing  
my employer, sir.

Gaiboy—Eer—um—you can start tomor-  
row morning!

## TOO MUCH

Oh, Rip Van Winkle slept awhile,  
Some twenty years or so,  
When he woke up he found in style  
Some things he didn't know.

The trolley he stood full well,  
Faced autos by the score,  
But when he struck H. C. of L.  
He sought the woods once more.

## ORDERS

It has been said that no man  
should give orders unless he  
can take orders; he should  
be able to *give* and *take*. This  
is right. He should be able  
to give himself an order to  
*save money* — and to carry  
out the order without delay.

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## The Red Circle

Is the Soldiers' Club. Meals served  
at cost. Writing Materials, Books,  
Magazines, Newspapers, Phono-  
graph, Piano, Pool Tables.



(Continued from page 10)

Berserk cry Bruno seized hold on it. Crouching over, he aimed its point directly at the director in the position given by all the authorities for the "long point" in the bayonet exercise.

"H-a-a-a," snarled Bruno, showing his back teeth and taking a menacing forward step as he did so. A worried look came over

the director. He glanced at the shary spear and then at Bruno, wavered uncertainly for a moment, and finally throwing discretion to the winds, bolted for the studio office. Handicapped as he was by stiffness and a heavy cuirass, Bruno was at his heels, while the whole company watched pop-eyed the director leapt into the gloom of the office, one jump ahead of Bruno's spear-head.

The next moment a long-drawn wail of anguish in a voice that sounded ominously like the director's, came from the darkened interior. The members of the company stared wildly at one another. It was Joshua who broke the strained silence.

"My God," he whispered, "Bruno gone Bolshevik."

(To be continued.)



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*in*  
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Their intended prey—a simple old man and the "boobs" who think he can heal them by faith. . . . Then the miracle! Not such a miracle after all when you know the human heart.

"The Miracle Man" is calling YOU. Come!



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